

MACLEAN'S

AUGUST



“Twisting Trails”

Our new serial story starts in this issue

Headliners in this number—Robert E. Pinkerton, Geo. A. Birmingham, Alan Sullivan, Dr. Orison Swett Marden, Hugh C. Weir, Rev. R. G. MacBeth, W. A. Craick, Madge MacBeth, Frederic W. Wile and others.



In addition, Sir Wilfrid Lawson has been finding time for Parliament and the party. He is assisting every possible in the ranks something to do. He is taking counsel with them all. He finds them ready and willing. The result is that, while there are fewer Liberals in Parliament than there have been for some years past, there is to be more. Formerly the responsibility was with the Chief and his Ministerial colleagues. Now every man has an individual responsibility. It is a rapid succession of ef-

of conflict, a parliamentary minority must be the first to give the force being over a parliamentary majority. There must be some external circumstance, a case in the report of the minority. There was the something out of the ordinary of William F. Buckley, Doctor of Laws, and aristocratic Farmer of the maritime province of New Brunswick. De Puyding is a man of parts—no mean profits, in fact, that, on a manuscript and historic occasion, they turned a man



William the Lion, King of Scotland.

"Will my right honorable friend be so good as to send me his authority for the extraordinary point he has raised?" asked Dr. Pugsley, in his softest tones. The bar volume was sent across the floor, and for a minute or two he was lost between its pages.



George H. W. Bush has been called the "designer of the Reagan Revolution" for his role in the White House of the first Bush administration.

[illegible]

The job is hands-on. As the Chief Whip runs the day-to-day carrying out of the policy determined upon by the party, he must be an expert tactician, shrewd, resourceful, possessing a basic understanding of the situation and all its possible ramifications. First, and, without an intimate knowledge of mankind. In any parliamentary crisis



George W. Bush in time to his Irish in full of love of country, or love of right. He is always ready and on the move. The friends never let me hear of him. He is a great story teller."

the state on the two Chief Whigs in reviewing them are playing chess with one another tentatively, four hours in every day, attempting to seal it. It is true that each set of his men is a staff of instant Whigs, one at arms from each province, but it is upon the shoulders of the Chief Whigs that the main burden rests—a battle of wits between two grand military strategists, a contest between two men betting on the result of any outbreak in Britain on the respective responsibilities of Perkin and his followers. Royal court, John Stuar-

[illegible]

THE GILBERTS OF OTTUMBA.

In every soundly-constructed and workable piece of locomotive mechanism there must be driving discs and levers. Both are essential. It is true that the function of the latter may be less spectacular than that of the former, but it is none the less important. It is protection against a runaway. It regulates and defines progress on safe lines.

Among the rank and file of the pioneer Robertson, Hugh Guthrie, of South Wilt-

Continued on Page 122.



A more picturesque (but of small value) garage

self may hardly be considered an qualified to lay out his own general plans. By a liberal application of the laws of common sense, the goodness of results may be obtained. There may be little to commend of conventional construction, adequate fire protection and the efficiency of the results obtained, both as to fulfilling the requirements of the individual and the requirements of the best arrangement of the indispensable utilities.

The first thing to be considered, is of course, the neighboring environment, so that the new building will blend into the landscape and become a part of it, an enhancement to the neighborhood rather than a blemish. It should, of course, be of the same material as the house, whether the latter be of stone, concrete, or whatever other brick. A simple facade design, and in the course of time the addition of vines and shrubbery will add a delightful touch to its appearance. Occasionally, it may be convenient to add an appendage or screen to the chauffeur's room to the owner's smoking shop or squash court. Again, it may serve as the retreat part of a grouped collection of all the outbuildings.

The driveway, even though it be of concrete, should be sunk to a depth of about four to six inches in a protection against any tendency to run the car onto the grass when it is covered with snow and also that it may serve the purpose of a drain. If of concrete or other road material, the same result can be obtained by the removal of a few inches on both sides. The same plan is applicable to the use of two narrow tracks, when they are used as a substitute for the broad driveway. To aid in draining, a gentle slope should be given to the full length of it and, in addition, that most of the approach should be in front of the

Type of exterior garage built for use of two individuals. One used by chauffeur

doors during the winter months. Also, it is well to give the approach a gentle grade in order to avoid the possibility of the car running ahead into the rear wall as a result of the increased power that would be necessary in surmounting a steep incline.

Electricity is, of course, the only safe lighting system to be employed and can be supplemented by such windows as are necessary although the open door is usually sufficient for any purpose other than that of repairs.

CONCRETE FLOOR ADVISABLE

The floor should be of concrete and may be finished to meet to great advantage. Such a floor with a good slope to the central drain, survives all purposes admirably. If concrete alone, the addition of a pit is of great advantage. In any

case, a concrete wall or such as that of two to eight should be added in order the floor straight and further to prevent the escape of gasoline or oil at the junction of floor and wall.

No garage is complete without the addition of a small door for use other than that of being the car out. Such doors should be of metal, of heavier a cheap steel and so easily lit-light as commonly possible so that in case of fire the whole contents of the garage proper might be destroyed without endangering the adjoining buildings. For the same reason, a fireproof ceiling is absolutely necessary, and possibly fireproofing also, it should be of fire, vitreous or some other non-combustible material. If the building is at all open to an explosion is impossible, and, in addition to the reduction of fire risk there is the added reduction of doing away with the danger of all inflammable gases to be considered.

THE ADJACENT BUILDING

A few convenient accessories are to be added to an aid to the work of keeping the house and car in order. First and foremost, with a separate hole for cold water taps, with a separate hole for cold, represent the largest necessary outlay in the line. The hot water does not add much expense. A kitchen sink and oil and grease tank to keep the grease always neat and clean. In addition to this a hanging oil retainer catching brush is advisable. The same may be used of a hanging light globe with a wire cord, which may be easily controlled by means of an ordinary drug cord, provided some rather radical is featured to the globe for a handle.

Continued on

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The Orange Death: By JEROME V. EBERTS Illustrated by ARTHUR LISVIER

44 I KNOW within half a mile where the mine

"The speaker was a heavy set man about thirty years of age. One could tell at a glance that he was a member of the legion who earned their living by working close to action. His blue serge clothes hung oddly on his form and he stood as he sat as if the same group about he wore were several sizes too small for him. To a word, he was a typical Canadian lumberjack, decisive in tone and sure of his personal strength.

He followed up his remark by jabbing with his finger at a post on the ramp which was spread out in front of us.

By an, I mean George Arnold, Jim Langford the lumberjack, and John Crawford, myself. The names are not very new—just made up for the occasion, but they will serve for the time I am going to tell.

Arnold and I had been pals for longer than I can remember and had gone through many great adventures together. We had just parted company but Arnold and he had gone to Montreal to visit

people whom he had not seen for several years, while I had spent the winter working around the two camps at the head of Lake Superior. Fort Winton and Fort Arthur. As neither he nor myself had doubted the wisdom for saving money, by the first of May I was getting down to the core of my mail and I knew from under letters I had received from my pal that he also was getting tired of inactivity and indignantly from the cheerful smile in his letter's postscript.

I was not surprised, therefore, when on morning early in May he pushed down the door of my room in the old Mackay Hotel in Port Arthur and walked in. His remark was frank and excited. He hardly said more than what my hand when he made a dash for my rifle and swept it clear with a sweep of his arm and commanded to pull from his pockets a collection of maps, newspapers and other accumulations of rubbish.

"You're broke aren't you?" he asked, with a mischievous grin which took my breath away.



I looked at the rock beyond the light gray rocks as ——— The rock changed to a dark green one and every secret was in it.

I was slightly peeved. "What's it matter to you?" I asked. "And what do you mean by tearing into my room and pulling things around. Are you crazy or just drunk?"

"The reason," he said. "Evidently with a million phobias at once. There's a man downstairs who knows where it is. He'll be to the man himself."

"He's gone," I growled to myself. "Poor old pal."

He seemed to follow my thoughts for he said, "You're crazy or drunk either. Just keep still and I'll tell you my story and then I'll ask you what you think of it."

"First of all, did you need a notion as the newspaper lately, that the Canadian government offered twenty-five thousand dollars as a prize to the first person who discovered radium in Canada in commercial quantities?"

A light broke upon me. I remembered the paragraph in the newspaper distinctly. It said that twenty-five thousand dollars would be given to the first one

discovering radium and it also said that traces of radium bearing rock had been found on the north shore of Lake Superior in 1903 by a party of government geologists, but that the plan the party had drawn of the spot had either been lost or was so vague as to be worthless.

"Go on," I said.

"Well, when I read that article in a Montreal paper, I got a hunch that there might be something in it. I thought I might go to the district and start up here to you. The big part of the story, however, is that on my way up the engine of my train dropped some five miles on the track near some town called Bruce Bay and we were held up for three hours.

When I found that the train could not go on for some time, I went up the track to the town and met a man who afterwards told me his name was Jim Langford. He was just back from the city where he had spent his time and was a little broke.

I bought him a good feed and a couple of drinks and he gave me the rest of the story. I suddenly dropped him in my pocket the newspaper clipping about the Canadian Lumber

and picked it up and looked at it. He became excited right away and told me that he had read about the government's offer and wanted to go to the place for a prospecting trip for the release bearing rock which was said to exist somewhere in that part of the country. Probably it was more or less a guess, but he said that I was going to Port Arthur to see you and arrange for a prospecting trip on our way back. Say, you should have seen him jump.

"You're going to look for that stuff?" he asked. "Say man up on that stuff. We'll split the prize three ways."

"Then he gave me a job for he said: 'I know where it is!'

I failed to break into my pal's dreams but you will admit that his story was decidedly odd."

"What did you do with him?" I asked, as gently as possible.

"I brought him along. He's down in the bar now. I told him that I would see

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Why Shonts is Paid \$100,000

The Head of the Traction System of New York is Paid this Salary

From McChes's Magazine.

One of the smallest men in the United States is Frederick W. Shonts. He was only 5 ft. 6 in. tall, but he is a big factor in the life of New York. He is the head of the Traction System of New York, and he is paid \$100,000 a year.

NO traction problem in the world is so complex as New York's and seven years ago it was a hopeless jumble. The millions of people who must be daily shifted back and forth over the miles of Manhattan Island and over from Brooklyn, were utterly bewildered by the inadequate facilities of an outgrown subway, a disorganized elevated line, and a hodge-podge of independent surface systems. Meanwhile, nervous herds of outraged stockholders, financiers, indignant citizens, and disappointed commuters were all united in a conflict that seemed to have no end. Great juries, two years reventing, and charges and countercharges were flying, only to add to the mystery and confusion, and the service still remained to be hopelessly bad.

WARRIED AN AUTOCRAT

A man—now obsolete, natural, with the powers of a medieval king—was needed. A dignified ruler, not a politician, the fact-finder, the enquirer, a crushing boss, one with such understandable and fighting qualities of will that he could twist the wildest elements into line and compel order out of chaos.

There was F. Shonts, was the man chosen, and the late Paul Shonts, then president of the Rockwell Life Assurance Company, went to him in Washington as an adviser.

"They want you up in New York," said Martin.

"Who wants me?" asked Shonts.

"The men who control the New York traction interests."

"What do they want me to do?"

"There is a desperate traction problem up there," returned Martin. "It is the

largest transportation proposition in the world. It is a men's job, and the traction interests were utterly incapable of so much as the whole situation."

"I can't look it over," said Shonts. "I haven't finished the work I started to do in France. Besides, I would not understand the New York situation unless I were given absolute authority."

"It is because you commanded automatic power in France that they want you," Martin answered. "The traction people in New York have been watching the things you have done down there."

"To finance the Government and the chairman of the construction \$20,000 a year. In New York I am \$100,000 a year. It is a simple story of the salary. It is the story of a man who carries responsibility loads which ordinary railroad men's heads could not carry."

REPAIRING THE SKEWY MACHINE

The first thing the new president did was to get down in the subway, where some kindred, thousand people were fighting to ride on a railroad built for their hundred thousand. Then he rode on the elevated and surface lines, and got his viewpoint at work. As president of the Third, St. Louis & Western, Chicago & Alton, and Metropolitan & St. Louis railroads, he had found operating problems but had been working independently without.

Shonts went to before New York's transportation problem was clearly analyzed and Shonts knew what he wanted. Meanwhile the people around the subway went and more, and packed the crowded trains. As to the surface lines, they were bankrupt already. "Bridges," said Shonts had reported to the directors six weeks after he came to New York. Some of the newspaper men say he was wrong.

"Shonts Goes Up in Down," Shonts a Tuesday Evening Post.

Shonts had been down in the subway, but he had not been up. It is a cardinal principle with him to get on the facts and they build an impression upon

them. At last he was in a position to say to his directors:

"Gentlemen, the first move is to simplify and coordinate our organization. We never will have efficient operation until we do this."

Many of the subsidiary companies under the general Interborough Metropolitan organization had their own staffs of officials. There were several presidents, three vice-presidents, and so on down the line. One day Mr. Shonts called one of these officials in.

"I am going to give you a vacation for one month, with pay," he said. "The only condition is that you stay away—no Europe, no anywhere you choose to go."

"I am going to give you a vacation without pay," he said.

A great many kinds of the kind went off, and there were no just pretty busy in the Interborough office.

There were more breakdowns when Shonts got after the lawyers. Most of the big lawyers in New York drive taxicabs from the traction companies. A story is told of one attorney who was rear-ended in \$10,000 a year, and who charged \$500 a day for court work.

"I don't think I can stand for any more," he said.

"You are not to make your pay," said Shonts. "I am going to wipe it out."

In all, about half a million dollars a year was saved to the traction companies through the organization of a legal department.

"PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE"

But all this work was making progress. To the great problem of getting New York's downtown traffic moving and back home at night. Confronted with this was the colossal task of the new subway. There involved, before construction work was begun, four years of continuous negotiations with the Public Service Commission, the Board of Estimate, and other public and quasi-public organizations.

Up to his elbows—in back to his in the twelfth day of the building at 101 Broad-

way—he took his place at the head of his newly organized traction machine. The immediate detail of routine operation did not distract him from the detail of the organization and it did show. He insisted the men who held your side in their hands whenever, for instance, you enter the tunnel portal of a subway station and go down the stairs for a journey up or down Manhattan. If the wrong men are working down there, or if the equipment is wrong, he takes the burden of it. In his early years experience the subway was not the famous proposition it is today. When Shonts took it, for example, it was equipped with the ordinary three-rail system—the kind that caused them, but not good enough.

"We must have more traction, and they must be clear together," Shonts said to his staff, "but we can't put them on until we have an automatic signal system that will take away, so far as possible, the liability of human carelessness or mistake."

There was an signal equipment of this sort in existence, but the order was issued to develop one.

One day a party of operating officials was in an express train, when it stopped very suddenly near the Port Authority station. A brick wall was just reached up under the first car and had a strong blow on the six-wheeler. The men inside were dazed, but the brakes were set in a jump of death, and it took the emergency crew an hour to release them.

Next day the newspapers made capital out of the accident, but they hadn't discovered the story behind it. "It is a little thing," one official said, "Mr. Shonts to do one of two things. Improve the service, or drive it."

It was that little man that caused the trouble, but it also presented a catastrophe. During, if movement runs past a block, one of these men who are paid automatically and stops the train. A signal and a bell apart, every such block, the express train comes to a stop. The subway, taking curves with amazing accuracy, and depending on stations as it they had regular clearance cards. It had run some from all over the world to see the thing work.

SAVING TIME BY STOPPING

Shonts called a staff meeting one day, and said to his men:

"The subway train has too much time running into the station stops. We must have a better kind of brakes."

There were men of the long-headed sort famous in the Interborough office. Today, when you stand on one of the underground platforms, you are a train from halfway out of the darkness and plunge along toward you at 45 m.p.h. to go on to the speed of the Twentieth Century. But before it has gone it has been caught in a standstill, and the men and the drivers shut open the doors. The eleven passengers are left in the track.

Then Shonts got the opposite angle. "If the train is stopped, and other people and open-public organizations."

Up to his elbows—in back to his in the twelfth day of the building at 101 Broad-



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the sun of the hills. Those who prefer their moustache in the style would do better to stick to the Cumberland and the Big Island. The Fatigue does not moustache at his eyes, as just outside as he was first paid, as it went, under the eyes of his neighbors. His drilling point is a small and primitive affair. He made it in a shop-house, or rather, it is in his arms to the hills of a remote corner above in the city.

The ship-stick is usually an old oil-can; the ship-stick is a wooden stick, the upper, a twisted galvanized, the receptacle to catch the liquor that drips from the worm, a twisted one. It has no cutting of the Southern, sometimes the "mash," made from the head of a twisted worm. His stick is a twisted mixture of flour and molasses. He holds it by placing under the stick a piece of thickened oil or butter a stick of twisted worm. The rope from the leading mast passes from the stick into the worm, where it is covered by a stick of molasses, with which the powder is kept filled by hand, and tricker cut into the lusciousness in a similar liquor which looks like none of the liquor of civilization, but reminds the desert of those in interesting primary. One drop only of this molasses of the North will make the usually found Fatigue have enough to show his molasses in a day. A Peter bear with equally molasses dropped of consequences.

Captain Henderson's war of Gullish with molasses molasses was well illustrated in a scene at Port Hope. These appeared before the court an old Eskimo, he only, they were from the north, fully armed by age and exposure. They were accompanied by their young daughter and two vibrant young sons, both of them for the first time. In about Eskimo-like some being a series of accusers of molasses, the venerable father poured a long and voluble tale into the ears of the court.

"This man, he says," began the interpreter, "these two fellow want this girl for wife. One fellow, he offer a rifle, two pound whiskey, an oilskin hat, a dog, and a dog. The other fellow, he give him, two pounds, a rifle, and a dog. This girl the old man's only daughter. He old, and he want good food. But he not know which he best take. He say maybe you tell him."

There was a pretty case of law rather than law to be heard, as Captain's court. Captain Henderson, as a Captain, he stands up first two and weighs two hundred and fifty pounds—but he determined to stay the rule of Captain's first court.

"You love this girl?" he asked one mother.

"Yes," replied the interpreter, "he love her."

"And do you love her?" the captain asked the other.

"Yes, he love her too."

The captain, looked at the girl, she was a pretty little thing, something over four feet high, with oval-black hair plastered down over her temples, and diamond-shaped eyes. But he was doubtful the real beauty of Fatigue came in the shape of youth and health.



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"There," said the captain to the girl, "which one of these two men do you want?"

The interpreter got the question. The mother's eyes grew brighter, her cheeks a deeper crimson, and a ray smile wreathed her lips. She stepped over to one of the young men solemnly and looked him in the eye.

"This one," she said, and there was no need for the interpreter to translate.

"All right," said the captain, with a ray of laughter, "take him."

And he married him on the spot. Night from the ship back to the village the empty-headed couple paddled to get up breakfasting and to be happy, as usual, one afternoon. The body's father looked off a few more explanations of vocal dynamite into the interpreter's ear.

"He says," declared the interpreter to Captain Henderson, "he married."

A whaling captain, who had left one of his wives the year before, boarded the *Thetis* at Cape Prince of Wales and concluded that he feared his crew was short to water. He said he had learned of a plot among the men of the *Forecastle* to attack their officers at night, to shoot him and his wife, and escape in a whaleboat. Captain Henderson had the sailors summoned before him. They told him their captain had said they were to shoot him and his wife, and escape in a whaleboat. They admitted they had plotted to escape, but denied any intention of attacking the officers, and asked to be kept aboard the *Thetis*. Captain Henderson did not see how they could be discharged the ship by taking the men off, and sent them back aboard their ship to take their chance. Before dismissing the ship, however, Captain Henderson warned him that if he were guilty of any further crimes he would be held to have committed contempt of court and punished the first time the *Thetis* fell in with him again. The whaling captain promised better behavior, and kept his word. Some time later Captain Henderson told the judge of the District Court of Alaska, at his throat to the whale. The judge, who was an able lawyer, declared the captain had committed his crime, and that, no matter what the whaling ship might have done in the future, he could not legally have been held to have committed contempt of court.

Captain Henderson found a disaster in Fort Clarence who had been stranded there for five years, and when reported and desperate efforts to get back to civilization had proved marshall. When he was every time a whale-ship this man had an idea that he could get back to the States on a passing vessel or make his way inland to some mining camp. Four feet he did not know that there were no passing ships except whales, and that the nearest white settlements were hundreds of miles away across black tundra.



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of the public, or the other literary men that will flock to it. The men will be sent to by the man whose trade it is to send in news.

There were not many more at the time of our Civil War, or many quick presses, or any such development of the art of printing newspapers quickly on the stream. Hence a number of men made reputations as war correspondents, and devoted them, for they had time, and a story was a story until it appeared in print. Since a story in a story only adds the moment it gets into the columns of some newspaper. The methods of transmission are so perfected and the competition is so keen, that the whole career of reporting a war depends on success in getting a wire, and the failure of reporting a war comes from the loss of a wire. Consequently, the men who will be most useful in the contemporary will be the men who have how to get a wire and what to do with it after they get it, and not the men who have to think their thoughts before they can give them adequate expression, and who lack that reportorial facility of developing their thoughts, and giving them expression at one and the same moment.

That was never better illustrated—these differences between the old and the new—than in a certain occasion during the Balkan War. Two Englishmen were a big engagement. They were the only two writers who did not sit it, or put it in another way, the only two who saw it and had a chance, or made a chance, to get in a story about it. One of them, Englishman, was a war correspondent, a big, talented man with a great gift of style. The other was a reporter. They got wires simultaneously. The literary man wrote a wonderful story of an engagement. He began with some descriptive stuff that was great. He proceeded toward the battle in picturesque and vivid language, telling graphically of the events that led to the engagement and painting a fine picture of all the writer felt this preliminary to the battle. Just before his story got to the battle and the news of it his paper in London was compelled to go to press.

The reporter, being a reporter, started his story with the battle. He didn't waste any time on a description of the events leading up to the engagement, but he jumped, right into the event the other events led up to. The result was that while the opposition paper in London had an excellent piece of descriptive writing, the paper had the story of the battle on the next morning, and the second half of the otherman's story, which was a great piece of description, was printed on the day after the regular reporter's story had filled London with its facts and its ideas, and, mainly, narrative.

Moreover, since the first-man days of our Spanish War, when there were no army correspondents in Cuba and adjacent islands as there were military major and sub-major—these means an enormous number—the pressure in direction of warfare has lightened up, and have imposed regulations and restrictions that make war reporting more difficult, and not a game for the literary corre-

spondent. Methods of fighting have changed, too, with the introduction of high-powered and long-distance guns, and the wireless, and all that. A battle is now won by forty miles long. In the Russo-Japanese War they let the correspondents see a notice of a battle here and there, but they had given them free rein, so men could have more than a minute paragraph of any engagement. In the Balkan War most of the correspondents never saw any fighting of any kind. They were safely in the rear.

Reporting, therefore, is my original proposition, in it is not the man who has time for the old American people what has been happening in Mexico have been, and the second correspondence and the literary light. In the reporter, mostly the reporter in Washington, and in connection therewith the reporter in Mexico. That was what happened during the Spanish War, and during the Russo-Japanese War, when we had an acute interest in this country. The war passed away from the front, but most of the news came from the Washington reporter. And that will continue to be the case.

The Heat from Sun is Variable

Conclusions Arrived at After
Careful Tests by American
Scientists

From *Mercury's* Monthly Magazine.

The accompanying extracts from an article by G. G. Allen, director of the astronomical department of the Smithsonian Institution, give the results that various tests showed for a belief that the heat coming from the sun is variable. It is pointed out before observations will lead to a thorough understanding of the nature of solar radiation, and of the results that such a knowledge would mean.

THERE was on September tenth 1880, and no solarimeter photographs, a total eclipse of the sun. Measurements of the solar radiation were made on that day, and have been made only since 1902. This has been unfortunately delayed from the time of the sun is more or less bright now than it was in former centuries. The only reflection we have along this line is that similar crops are given, now in the sun, that were given thousands of years ago, in Egypt, for instance. This leads to the presumption that the temperature has not changed much in millions of years. It is not so, however, and shows that as the whole temperature of the earth has changed only a few degrees, so has the degree of heat, for millions of years.

But the earth's temperature is a rough and unscientific measure of solar radiation. Moreover, there have been times in some periods of unusual warmth or cold during historical times, not to



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Starting, lowered O'Flaherty into the drain. Sir Giles and Langton went in the drain in which they had left Meldon. They were surprised to find that he had disappeared.

"Can he have got loose?" said Langton nervously.

"If he'd got so much as his tongue loose," said Sir Giles, "it'd have raised the hell of a row by this time. That fellow would be more than long than a coroner would stop making the job for it. It's dead in the middle of the night. He can't have gone far. We must look for him."

"No. Let's get out of this at once. The people will be awake and about now."

"We ought to have been off two hours ago," said Sir Giles. "Only for that stupid person we would have been."

First they had to wait time dragging him out of the bed, and then he refused practical jokes out to another hour and a half. "We'll have to leave him now and shame it. We can only hope he's lying dead somewhere."

Meldon watched them trudge down the kitchen and realized that he was safe. He understood also that he had very little time to spare. In half an hour Sir Giles would be up about the yard again.

"He'll have to be dead in three weeks," said Meldon to the nearest policeman. "If he doesn't want to be drowned. And that'll take him some time with nobody but Langton to help him."

The search started the bellows to ring away a little. Meldon started looking away towards the cottage. Now and then as he drew nearer to it he shook. At length, when he had got within about twenty yards of it, the door opened and Mary Kate passed out. Meldon shouted to her—

"Mary Kate! I say, Mary Kate! come here as quick as you can."

The child approached him cautiously. Like the bellows, she had never before seen anything exactly like Meldon as he lay in the field.

"Mary Kate," he said, in tones meant to be convincing, "do you go to bed as you should."

The question was reasonable. The child was dressed as an usual in her red petticoat and floral bodice.

"I do not," said Mary Kate. "I dressed myself when I heard the whistle of you."

"Very well, then. Do not get a knife."

"A knife, is it?"

"It is," said Meldon. "A knife."

"What sort of a knife?"

"Any sort of a knife you like, from a scythe down to a pen-knife, will do. In fact, I don't say we could manage with your mother's scissors. But you may get something that will cut."

Mary Kate went back into the house and returned with a scythe.

"Why do you want the scythe for?" she said, "but if this will do you, you can have the lot of it."

"I don't want the lot of it. I want you to cut the rope with your eyes, and be quick about it."

"The Lord save us and help us! In

fact, she stopped growing and began crying at the rope. The scythe was black, but Mary Kate worked vigorously. One street after another passed. Meldon got his arms free.

"Give me the scythe," he said.

His hands were numb and he was obliged to rub them up and down against his legs before he could take a firm grip of it. At last he succeeded in holding it and set to work at the rope that bound his ankles.

"Mary Kate," he said, "go back to your bed. It is to be cut."

"It might, then."

"Well, if it does, get him out and tell him to go up to the Post-office with a rope and a scythe, and he'll find your regards at the bottom of it if he isn't dead."

"The Lord save us! They've took him at the latter end."

"Don't," said Meldon, "but say

reflex like about forms into your head. This isn't a

funny matter at all. Tell your father that if he doesn't go at once

the old man will be dead, and as soon as ever he is

FE. Here, you a

father hanged for

murdering him. Do you understand us now?"

"I do," said Mary Kate.

Meldon found it

difficult to stand, and made only with

to better down to

make the gas.

His jaw like this

and. Let's give

reach the Atlantic

and board line. He

questioned his

jaw as much as

has reached, still

limbs would allow.

He watched the

material being

believed, and

noticed that the

gas was pulled

little more than

three-quarters way up the

steps.

"Thank God!" he muttered, "they see that they want to down some more. It's done yet."

He reached the rope. Realizing that

the water was still rising, he turned from

the Mayor's path and went along the

bank to January O'Flaherty's carriage.

He launched it and took the rope. There

was no need for him to rise. The rope

was in his hand. He reached the

carriage for the Grasshopper and

climbed on to the steamer's deck. Every-

body on board was asleep. As the

radiant way of attending attention Mol-

don began to ring the bell which hung

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making a speech, but he insisted on having a word in private with Mary Kate. Taking the skill out of speech, he said to her—

"Mary Kate, go you to your grandma and let this from me. If there's anything that bothers her, let her tell me. I'll be glad to get it out of her and away with it before we come on stage again. Do you understand me now?"

Mary Kate nodded, grinning. Meldon joined Mr. Wiloughby and Father Malrose in the Grandstand's box. Mr. Giles and Laurence eyed the man who went alone to see the girl for the end of the play and then followed Meldon.

"You're right to come with us," said Meldon. "Old Thomson O'Flaherty is looking at someone who's got a shapelier blue him. He's working the rest of them up. I don't think that Irish gremlin will be exactly a mild nuisance to you to please us, Sir Giles, not for a few weeks' exposure."

"I'm becoming more and more curious," said Mr. Wiloughby. "I want a key to the mystery which surrounds me. I'm a little nervous, too. If we are not back to civilization we may find ourselves in a place—out. Don't mix me up in anything criminal if you can help it, Mr. Meldon. Consider my position as Chief Secretary."

"You're picked!" said Father Malrose with a grin. "In the generation of law and order in Ireland."

"It's all right," said Meldon. "I'll keep your name out of the houses as far as I can. Father Malrose and I will take whatever blame there is."

"I won't take any blame," said the priest. "I know nothing about what's going on, either good or bad."

"You'll have to," said Meldon. "Whether you like it or not. It's your parish, so of course you're responsible if anything goes wrong."

CHAPTER XXI

"I COULD do with a wash," said Meldon when the party reached the Grandstand.

"You shall have it," said Mr. Wiloughby. "You shall have my bath."

"Oh, don't bother about a bath. There's no use running into extremes. I'm a moderate man in every way, politically and otherwise."

"Better have the bath."

"All right, then, I will. But if I do, somebody'll have to go over to the Grandstand and get me another set of clothes. Father Malrose, perhaps you wouldn't mind—"

"I'll send a boy," said Mr. Wiloughby. "Father Malrose won't be from the rest of us."

"All right," said Meldon. "I don't care who goes. But I wouldn't like to get into these things again if I can't leave them off by the way, have you any sticking-plaster?"

"I think I have a bit in my dressing-room," said Mr. Wiloughby.

"I'll wait a good few minutes of it, I expect. I'm not sure but I get my

stitches off, but I fancy there are very few parts of me just this minute with the skin on."

"I'll send you what I have. And now, Sir Giles, I must get a dry set of clothes for you."

He went half an hour: the party re-assembled for breakfast. Mr. Wiloughby made another appeal for an explanation of the morning's events.

"I told you my story," said Meldon, "and Sir Giles contradicted me first—and then I must have contradicted him. I'm not sure of it. But I think it's his turn to speak now. Anyway I want to eat my breakfast."

Sir Giles was not asking loudly, but he seemed awfully to speak.

"You haven't said Sir Wiloughby to Sir Giles," said the second which Mr. Meldon gave up of his wits was—er—perhaps suggested."

"I'm sorry," said Sir Giles, "but I don't know if I suggested."

"You suggested to think," said Mr. Wiloughby. "That Mr. Meldon arrived from his statement some points of interest."

Meldon, whose mouth was full, got into difficulties in suppressing a laugh. Sir Giles stated rudely at Mr. Wiloughby.

"Come, now," said Father Malrose, "let's have your story. You'd feel easier when it's off your mind."

"It's not your confession," said Sir Giles, "and I'll demand if I'll speak unless I choose."

"Come, gentlemen," said Mr. Wiloughby. "We need any of us less our temper. I don't think Sir Giles, that you are bound either to substantiate or withdraw the very offensive statement that you made us the poor this morning. You called Sir Meldon a liar."

"So far as I'm concerned," said Meldon, "I don't mind that in the least. I'm quite accustomed to it. There's hardly a man on this island who hasn't called me a liar. I like to recognize that Sir Giles' tongue wasn't altogether under control when he spoke. He has a hot temper. I've had to speak to him about it before."

"I suppose that you think it good fun," said Sir Giles. "To sit there talking and setting that cruel carter on to sing insults at me. But I've stood all I've got to stand of it. I'll stay here no longer. Come, Laurence."

The whole party, with the exception of Meldon, stood up.

"Don't go away like this," said Mr. Wiloughby to Sir Giles. "Sit down again and talk things over. I can assure you we are not in any understanding if we can only but put what all this trouble is about."

"Make your mind easy," said Meldon. "He can't go just yet."

"Can't go?" said Sir Giles furiously. "Why not? What's going to stop me? So far as I know, nobody has a warrant out for my arrest."

"You can't go yet," said Meldon, "be-

cause you're got on the Chief Secretary's Sunday clothes."

Father Malrose burst into a loud laugh.

"That's easily remedied," said Sir Giles. "It's changed."

"Please don't worry about the clothes," said Mr. Wiloughby. "You're welcome to them. I wouldn't like you to put on your own things yet. They can't be dry."

"Lead him your pink pyjamas," said Meldon.

For a moment it seemed likely that Sir Giles would make a violent attack on Meldon. His hand clenched. His face was deeply flushed. But he restrained himself and went into the cabin where he wore clothes.

"This is an extraordinary business," said Mr. Wiloughby. "Steady, Mr. Meldon, you'll tell me what it all means."

"He said," said Meldon. "I'm prepared to let my last hat that there's a hole in the bottom of the Atlantic and the Mayor won't take him in the Epiphany."

"I don't like it at all," said Mr. Wiloughby plaintively. "I have been kept in the dark."

He took Father Malrose aside and spoke to him.

"What do you advise?" he said. "What do you think of all this?"

"I think," said the priest, "that you and I had better go on with Sir Giles and the other men. I expect the people on the island know the law and rules of the whole story by this time, and I'll be able to get it from some of them. There's been some rough work during the night. You saw the state Mr. Meldon was in when he came on board. I suspect that Sir Giles' name has been, has been up to some mischief. I don't like that state."

"Well, it's an awkward affair. It seems to me that we're asking and asking Mr. Meldon to resign, and something like an attempt at murder. He threw Sir Giles into the sea, you know."

"I expect Mr. Meldon's all right. But we can't say anything till we get on shore and hear the whole story."

Mr. Wiloughby turned to Meldon.

"Father Malrose and I," he said, "have decided to go—your son, he's that help."

Meldon had taken forward. The head of the cabin beside his plate on the breakfast-table. It's come up in the air among the eggs and drink. A half-satisfied eye looked a hole in the tablecloth. Meldon chuckled profoundly.

CHAPTER XXII

TWO hours later Mr. Wiloughby and Father Malrose returned to the Grandstand. The Chief Secretary's face was no expression of delight, tempered by anxiety. Father Malrose was placid and triumphant. They descended at once to the cabin where Meldon still slept on the sofa. Father Malrose checked his indignation.

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Adventures of Madelyn Mack

Continued from Page 15

I resumed my story at a sign from Madelyn, and our visitor settled out into the gray dusk, with the hint of her closed, shadowed face showing the suspense and worry of the past twenty-four hours.

Madelyn was the first to speak. "Will you tell me, madam, Mr. Van Batten, why you dropped so permanently to your daughter's marriage?"

Our caller merely nodded in his chair as though a shock had been fired at his elbow. "What do you mean, young woman?"

Madelyn dropped her chin as to her hand and the flowing tresses I knew as well flushed into her eyes. "Six months ago, you positively refused to consider Norris Kinkaid as your daughter's suitor. Then six months ago he approached you again and you refused him a second time. It was only four months ago, that you gave your consent—a somewhat grudging one, if I must be plain—and the date of the wedding was fixed almost immediately."

Madelyn Van Batten started across at Madelyn with widening eyes. The flush faded from her cheeks, leaving them a dull white.

"I engaged you, Miss Mack, to trace Norris Kinkaid, and to barrow into my personal affairs."

Madelyn stepped toward the door. "I will need in the left for my services with the work, Mr. Van Batten. Did you leave your suit at the hall?"

"Am I to understand that you are dropping up the suit?"

"Yes, sir."

Madelyn Van Batten thrust his hands rudely into his pockets. "I—b beg your pardon, Miss Mack! Please sit down, and overlook a serious man's incapacity. You are kindly understanding the strain I am under. You were asking me—what was it you were asking me? Ah, you were inquiring into my relations with young Kinkaid!"

Mr. Van Batten raised his head. "Oh! like a lost bottomer his hands as Madelyn calmly resumed her chair. "There is really nothing to tell you. You are a source of my anxiety, Mr. Mack. I engaged to Mr. Kinkaid as a husband for my daughter because, frankly, he was a poor man—and that he was hardly less so in a manner that would crush her economy. Here I made myself clear!"

He dropped his head forward into his pocket and his face glowed. "There! had her own way in the end—as she generally does—and I gave in. Is there anything more?"

"I believe that personally you preferred Wilfred White as a son-in-law. Am I right?"

"What of it?"

Madelyn gave a little sigh. "Nothing—nothing! You have been very patient. Mr. Van Batten. I am going to ask you just one question, more—before we leave. Is 'The Magpie' there the second story veranda under Mr. Kinkaid's window across along the entire side of the house?"

I think that we both started at her. "The second story veranda?" repeated Mr. Van Batten, as though he told me that you had never been to my home!"

Madelyn stopped her fingers with a suggestion of impatience. "I know there must be some mistake. There could be no other way—!" She hit her forehead through at though clanking an aspersion through. "What! Am I mistaken, it extends from the front veranda to the rear. Am I correct?"

"Yes, sir, yes—"

"I am now having tonight your automobile. I will take the liberty of asking you to share our dinner here. Then we can start for 'The Magpie' immediately afterward. With luck we should reach there shortly after eight. Is that agreeable to you?"

"Really, Miss Mack—"

But Madelyn moved her hand, and the matter was settled.

III.

THE clock was exactly on the stroke of eight when our marriage walked through the broad gate of "The Magpie" after an unexpected dash through the New Jersey gardens. At the end of the driveway we saw the original mansion, whose wedding night festivities had been so abruptly shattered.

If we had suspected a house buried in the gloom of mystery we were disappointed. "The Magpie" was a blaze of light from ceiling to floor. It was not until the automobile stopped at the front veranda, and the solemn face of the butler presented itself with its calmly questioning glance, that we heard our first hint of crime or tragedy.

Mr. Van Batten conducted us as once to the library—a long, high, roomily furnished room where the end of the central hall extending widely through the house. At the apex, he bowed with a short bow.

"It is needless to say, of course, that the house and its inmates are at your service. I am exceedingly grateful of your methods, Miss Mack. If you will be so good—"

He stopped, for Madelyn had walked over to one of the long dormer windows and stood staring out into the darkness, with her hands resting a few inches on the glass.

"Is Mr. Kinkaid's room on this side?" she asked without turning.

"Almost directly overhead."

"And the drawing room where the ceremony was to have been performed—I take it, is on the other side?"

"There was a drawing room in the house, which told me that the lady lived Mr. Van Batten's former servant."

For perhaps three minutes she remained quiet and silent, the shadowy light, or shadowy to her present as though she had been alone. Our host was peering back and forth over the polished floor when the white light.

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"Will you take me up to Mr. Rodolph's room now, please?"

Mr. Van Satten strode to the door with an air of relief. "I, myself, will escort you."

Madelyn did not speak during the ascent to the upper floor. Once Mr. Van Satten ventured a remark, but she made no effort to reply, and he desisted with a shrug. She did not even break her silence when he threw open the door of a chamber at the end of the corridor, and he noticed that she was in the room of the morning bedroom.

A moment he lingered at the threshold, as his eyes passed the switch and turned on the electric light. It was a large, airy apartment, with a round table at the end of the corridor, and a door at the other end opening into a marble-tiled bedroom. An effort had been made to preserve the contents exactly as they had been found on previous evening. The dressing table with laid drawers with a varied assortment of toilet articles, as though they had been hurriedly packed. The surface of the window was streaked with dirt, while the cushions hung decorously to the sill.

Madelyn darted across a narrow glance at the room. Shaking across to the window table, she seized the metal paper holder bearing against its side. In one steady, lightning stroke, she lifted it to the table and slipped out a small magnifying glass from her breast. She held her fingers the better over it, studying the worn stain with as much eagerness as a miser searching for gold.

When she straightened, her eyes flashed uncertainly around the walls. Barely opened was an asbestos probe of gas that she reached to her knees before it, the magnifying glass again to her eyes.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Miss Madelyn?" Mr. Van Satten asked.

She did not even glance in her direction. Rising to her feet, she stepped back to the wardrobe where two suit trunks were waiting. "Here they are, Mr. Rodolph."

"I suppose so. Why?"

Madelyn seized the trunks under the table. One held a litter of shoes, the second tray both socks and crumbling cigarette stumps. I caught a certain flicker of indignation in her eyes.

"Mr. Rodolph must have been smoking of a smoker, wasn't he?" she asked, as though mentioning a self-evident fact.

"On the contrary, he was not," protested Mr. Van Satten.

"Good!" she cried so heartily that he took start at her. As she returned the trunks, her eyebrows reached. I even caught the fragment of a tear under her lashes when she passed the door of the room closest at the other side of the room. It was Rodolph's "Trombone."

A woman's light dress and hat were hanging from the foot of a velvet bed on the wall. On the floor, a pair of shoes had been tossed. It did not need words to show there occurred to her that they belonged to Morris Redoubt.

"You will find nothing there, Miss Madelyn," he whispered. "The police have

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had the picture made out half a dozen times!"

A cry from Madelyn interrupted him. She had passed the suit with a shiver and had seized the discarded shoes.

"What is it?" Mr. Van Satten demanded, pressing forward.

Madelyn tossed the shoes back to her. "Change the door, the stool to bring her jacket. Again I thought that I heard the strains of 'Trombone!'"

"I was once asked to name a detective's first rule at guidance," she said irreverently. "I answered to remember always that nothing is trivial or trivial."

"Every day I find something new to prove the correctness of my rule!"

"But surely you have discovered nothing?"

Madelyn gazed at the owner of "The Trombone" with her slender, twinkling eyes. "There are two persons in this house with whom I would like a few moments' conversation. They are the butler and Miss Van Satten's maid. Could you have them sent to the library?"

"Certainly. In those apartments?"

Madelyn reached suddenly across to the suit trunks again. "There is a private fascination for her in her private letter."

"Could I also have the honor of a short interview with your daughter?"

Mr. Van Satten inclined his head and stepped into the hall. As I followed him, the door was closed sharply behind me. I whirled around and looked the key turn. Madelyn had looked behind me.

Mr. Van Satten straightened with a frown. "There, without a word, he spun about on his heels and strode toward his daughter's bedroom. I descended the stairs alone."

It was about a quarter of an hour later that Madelyn appeared. She nodded briefly to the butler, who was sitting on the edge of a chair as idly as on a cushion. She did not pause. Briefly deigning a glance at me, she stepped over to the long shadow of books, higher than her arms could reach, and her hand emerged along with red leather bindings and gilt letters. Selecting a massive morsel where from one of the central room, she dropped it to the ground. The book was an encyclopaedia, extending from the letter "H" to the letter "I."

As she spread it open in her lap, apparently for the first time she realized the letter. She glanced up.

"You will excuse me?"

"Yes, madam?"

"I will be through in a moment!"

"Yes, madam?"

Madelyn's eyes remained its eloquence, and Madelyn's gaze dropped to her book. She could not have read a dozen lines, however, when she closed it and opening to the next leaf she passed the library, her hand helped her book.

"I have only one question to ask, Miss Van Satten?"

"Yes, madam?"

"I wish to know whether Mr. Rodolph ordered a tray of shoes brought up to his room last evening. I saw the shoes, and you witnessed and his hands dropped to his sides. 'A tray of shoes?' he exclaimed.

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"I believe that is what I need!"

With a visible effort Jenkins recovered his composure. His twenty-pair eyes had not been so near "No, madam!" he answered in a rather dubious tone. "Are you absolutely sure?" I may tell you that a great deal depends upon your answer!"

Jenkins' eyes recovered his steadiness. "I am quite sure."

"Is it possible that you would not know?"

"I am confident that I would know!" Madeline took into the leather corner by her side, with an expression of the most graceful disengagement that I ever over saw her exhibit. In the silence that followed, the ticking of the ornamental clock in the corner mounted with harsh, discordant tones. Outside on the hall I fancied I heard a suppressed cough. Miss Van Button's head rapidly rose and falling, her face, like Madeline's cheeks, blood-colored figure had fallen back in her chair, and her right hand was pressed over her eyes.

"Would you mind leaving the room for a few moments, please?" No, Jenkins, I wish that you would stay. I feel that I have another conviction for you.

Armed, the maid, was walking back and forth in the hall as I opened the door. The glances toward me, but did not speak. I had barely noted the details of her figure, however, when the door of the library opened again and the ladies followed me. Doll wonder was written on her face as she rushed directly to the girl to take her place.

My thoughts were broken by the swift of skirts in the stairs. The next moment I found Adele Van Button and her daughter. This was the first time during the day that I had seen the latter. She had remained locked in her room since morning, denying all visitors, and only going Detective Wiley a week or two minutes after his third request. I had expected to find evidence of a powerful emotion after her rejection of the previous evening, but I was startled by her pale as her father took her arm and led her down the hall.

Of all the heart-breaking scenes, whether of cottage or mansion, with which my newspaper career has brought me in contact, there was no figure more pathetic than that of the heroine of the Van Button ménage as she moved toward me as that evening night.

Bertha Van Button came directly into the library as the maid emerged. "I have no fever to report, Miss Madeline, and if you have ever suffered in your life-time, you will grant it. Please be at rest as possible."

"Do you want me here?" her father asked.

Madeline had walked over to the book shelves, and was again deluged with the pages of the morning newspaper. "I would prefer not," she answered without looking up.

It was well toward half-past nine (I had glanced at my watch a dozen times) when the two women in the library emerged. The form of Bertha Van Button was least visible near the balcony, and it was evident at a glance that the strain



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of the interview had brought her almost to the point of a collapse.

As I started forward, the light faded for an instant on a round glowing object in Madeline's hand. It was the small silver ball that had been found in Morris Endicott's room.

At this moment, the front bell tumbled through the house. There was a short conversation in the vestibule, and then Jenkins entered a tall, heavily-jawed figure into the hall. It was Detective Wiley of the Newark headquarters. Of course the affair of "The Magpie" had come under the jurisdiction of the New Jersey police.

The detective's ready face, with its stubble of beard, was flushed with an unusual excitement. His stiff, steady moustache stood out in two bristling lines from his mouth. He noticed Madeline's face with a short, half contemptuous nod, as he stepped in. "The right after all, Mr. Van Button! It's murder—nothing more nor less!"

"Murder?" The word came from Bertha Van Button. For an instant I thought she was about to faint.

Wiley glanced around the group with a suggestion of nervous impatience which did not leave him, even to the length of the moment.

"We have found Mr. Endicott's station in Brooklyn. Every man and the next is named with blood!"

Madeline Mark gently led Bertha Van Button to the chair I had vacated. One hand was holding the girl's temple as the turned.

"You are wrong, Mr. Wiley!" she said quickly. "For the past of most of this forenoon, I am nothing to make me recognize that you are wrong!"

Detective Wiley whirled with a snarl. "Really, you should see, my lady please—Madeline! I hardly expect that you will speak to a woman without a snarl!"

Madeline smoothed the folds of her coat as she straightened. "I have mentioned Madeline Van Button that I and her father will call at 'The Broom' tomorrow afternoon at five. I will give them a complete statement of this unfortunate affair." You may add also if you are interested, Mr. Wiley, and don't arrest the murderer in the meantime! Will you kindly turn on your motor for the trip back to town, Mr. Van Button?"

IV.

I CONFESS that I approached Madeline Mark's chair the next day with pronounced skepticism. The morning papers of both New York and Montreal had been consumed with the discovery of Morris Endicott's blood-stained garments, and were full of hysterical praise for the "magnificent" work of Detective Joseph Wiley.

Some one had found that Madeline Mark had been released as a result of the interview had said it was to appear in an interview in the face of her father, the applicant for the police had become even more nervous.

She was alone when I entered, but, as I pressed to the door, just as the steps of the, she laid up her hand. The bell



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crushed man, had sought their aid, and, looking and wondering, and on the investigation of these had built his reputation. His father wanted in the belief that every man was honest unless he had been proved a knave; but they of St. Mary's would the word had long been reversed. Now, standing that calculating mood for some instant of enlightening her father's somewhat sense as to how much she believed worldly betterment must be effected, he suddenly realized that they spoke different moral languages.

"It was the closest election I know of," he said slowly.

"I'm not surprised yet, Richard," replied the latter, proudly.

"Look here, Dad. If you know how much money was spent by our party in that election?"

"A very large sum, I believe. I don't know the figure."

"Well, something over two hundred thousand dollars. And do you know by whom that money was spent?"

"By yourself!"

"Very little of it. I spent the charges, chiefly all. Personally, I spent practically nothing. That was done by friends of mine, many of whom I never met. Our programme was to get the best man we could and give him a free hand. We left so. They got affairs, and so on, in the line. You ask me if the election was absolutely clean. I don't think so—there's no question. There were things said and done in the heat of conflict that we have and forget. They are not in the larger light is now. In election laws, so to a great right and sometimes done quite right, but in the heat of the moment, they were wrong. You added yourself with a good cause but you were not responsible for the personal conduct of everyone associated with it."

The padre shook his head, a certain quick delicate attitude as if definitely refusing himself of similar experience. "I am afraid I must mark to my point. Do you personally know of any—any irregularities?" He pointed painfully, as if he were about to reveal a secret, and more intimate contact with that which he looked.

"We made some mistakes. Not as many as I expected."

"I'm not surprised, Richard," Wyldie said again, gently. From his own experience he knew that the key of twenty-five years ago.

"Well—yes, I do," said his son slowly. "But," he added suddenly, "they will never come out."

In the silence that suddenly fell over them, Wyldie might easily for words. The impossible thing was true. He had looked and felt it. He had strengthened his faith with the high honor of his situation, the life in perhaps being in the hands of his son. In the first instance of this revelation he saw himself a leader to every lofty tradition of his position. Then, marking Richard's impression from the indifference with which he heard the narrative of the conversation, he felt for his own momentary moment of the accepted ways of men. He seemed inside a house full of darkness and the outside of this wall was sacred, armed against

any ancient mental assaults and stayed only occasionally to discover its occupants and momentary proportions.

CHAPTER V

HAVE the summer slipped away and Mary was still poised on the verge of resolution. The father's words had sunk deep. They had left her with a breathless consciousness that the most of all costs was this long way through. Richard, as she had hoped, had left her alone and, some inevitable, had to confront her with a confession that her personality was not, as she had believed, in his sleeping phantasies. She wondered how it was that Lancelot remained unmoved by a life that outraged her very soul. If he did not know her, why could he not open the gate and let her go?

But during the last month Lancelot had been more mechanically impressed than ever. Since then, he was more and more a prisoner of his own mind. The one his mind was now a day—sometimes all at all. He ate and often slept in his laboratory, a gloom stricken creature on the roof of his house. Above this sat a weak, far-seeing with a sense of the future. It seemed almost that he must agree to accept the message of peace, while he remained dead to every human relation in Mary's breast.

As he decided to go to the judge in the Cathedral. He had been extremely hard to make this decision for there, on the steps of the door, he did have his heart. This happened, then, attended her. Inexplicably she directed her own emotions, trying to drag with something as whole to future and dream as it came from a natural hope. Given the thought faded that here could not be altogether dead of the mind this link is hard. This confused her till it disappeared and merged in a dead of traditional influences.

It is Continued

On the Fighting Line in Riel's Day

Continued from Page 21

man, a life was endangered and the fighting line was general. Considered the man with the men-possibilities to action, but he was on the line of his son and they would the shock, though he remained there afterwards for a long time, his life instead of sleeping on. The noble had the advantage of the situation, and with a few men he was able to defend himself. He killed one of the Prince Albert volunteers, three prisoners and wounded twenty men. Greater was that the police, the volunteers and ordered his men to retire, which they did in good order, reaching Fort Carlton late in the afternoon. As hour afterwards Lancelot arrived at the fort with the second



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THOSE non-charitable institutions that are exempted from taxation, on the theory that they are caring for the sick poor, too often betray the taxpayers' trust in a reprehensible manner. The private sales of these hospitals are too often developed at the expense of the true patients. It is all but impossible to get a poor patient into some of these places. It is not only the poorest rates that dominate their care. If it is such bad business to take care of all classes of the sick poor, then the city should subsidize more of its own hospitals and proportionately reduce its support of the private institutions. The New York Sun further proposes on the part of the city the establishment of its own non-charitable hospitals, in which there can be no discrimination as to proper treatment by a small charge in accordance with their incomes, with the proviso that such cases permit themselves to be worked for instruction. Such patients would thus be offered an opportunity to improve their self-respect without deprivation of all their resources by paying a certain percentage of their expenses for treatment and nursing. The Sun quotes, with apparent approval, the plan of the St. Vincent de Paul Society to exempt its patients able to pay, but prohibiting poverty. A written statement of his financial inability is exacted from each patient who claims to be unable to pay, when, if investigation discloses misrepresentation, prosecution and punishment follow in the courts.

We think the plan recently devised by the Commissioners of Accounts of New York, adopted by the Board of Hospitals, endorsed by the Mayor, and put in operation by the Commissioner of Charities, an excellent one. Every patient unable to pay, or able to pay only part of the cost of hospital maintenance, is reported to the Department of Public Charities within twenty-four hours after admission, whereupon members of the department are sent to the homes and employers of such patients, and a careful inquiry conducted as to the actual economic status of the reported cases. All sources of income are required to be disclosed. Agreements to pay part are secured from some responsible member of the family, if possible, and about payments are made at the office of the department. The city pays the hospital as a patient, and the patient remains in pay, and far from those from whom the hospital has failed to collect, but who have paid the department outside the law, thus the full bond. Whenever the hospital collects itself is deducted by it from the monthly bill rendered to the department. There are per capita per diem rates for different classes of patients.

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